Here Comes the Heavster

Heavy D & The Boyz

'Here comes the Heavster'
And I know it makes you sick
Pete Rock and CL Smooth's

'Mecca and the Soul Brother' LPYeah, here we go, what?

Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go

Yeah, here we go, what?

Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we goThis one goes out to all those heads

KnowhatI'msayin'? Bronx, Brooklyn, Queens, Manhattan

Money earnin' Mount Vernon, can't forget the uptown

Here we goAiyyo, turn me loose, I don't produce with no buttercup

Premier got the butter cuts, here comes that ol' rugged stuff

No room for no pitty pat, petty kitty kat rap

I jig 'em, renege 'em or give 'em, a dug 'em diggum smackI seen you hangin' on ghetto blocks tryin' to get ghetto props

You need to stop, you're just a ghetto flop

Here comes niggy nack piggy back, knapsack sacky

Saki, classic like a Kawasaki, rough like Rocky

Sisters call me Dadi, Puerto Ricans call me PapiYou can't stop me

'Cause in these times of tough times

I'm coming with rough rhymes

Rugged beats, I'm passin' time on satin sheetsAnd where I came from, some come from

Tryin' to diss the champion, numba one, Don Gargon

Talkin' behind my back, like they alla that, they ain't halfa that

Matter of fact, I'm the one who put the town on the map

Tick tock tick, things are getting thick

Here comes the heavster and I know it makes you sickYeah, funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go

Yeah, well, alright, c'mon

Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go

Yeah, yes, well, alright, c'mon

Funk, funk flow, funk flow, here we goHere comes the bigger bro, I'm on the slow nigga flow

I like to do bigger show so I can get bigger dough

I hung out in crazy states, sit down and ate crazy steaks

In the morning time I wake up with a rhyme and some corn flakesRap is a stallion's job, hung out with Italian mobs

I been around the world with pretty girls and they credit cards

Around in the source van, got paid when my horse ran

And despite the verdict, I'm still a Mike Tyson fanIn the trench I get ruff, on the stretch, I get vexed

Eddie F's on the set who's next to get wrecked

Mr. Sweeperman, time to do the sweep up

Brothers couldn't keep up, spendin' too much time with their feets upListen to it, this is how I do it

When I wreck a set rhymes, float like fluid

Lord, have mercy on those who curse me

You don't appreciate, neither for, you don't deserve me

Tick tock tick, things are getting thick

Here comes the heavster and I know it makes you sickYeah, what? Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go

Talk about it, alright, yeah

Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we go

Yeah, well, alright, c'mon

Funk, funk flow, funk, funk flow, here we goSo break it down

So easy does it on the DL, the heavster

So break it down

So easy does it on the DL, the heavsterSo break it down

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So easy does it on the DL, the heavster

So break it down

So easy does it on the DL, the heavsterDidn't it make you sick when I went pop and I kept my props and I blew up the spot and was large on your block

I know it did that's why you formed the committee

Of a bunch of itty bitty silly Milli Vanilli, hillbilly niggiesNever mind, all the chitter chat 'cause I got a bigger

bat

Step out of line again to get your jaw tapped

Don't try to play me for cream puff

Forgot I was big stuff, rough tough and all that stuff? You jabber jaw junkie, rap tour flunkie

Quick at the lip but when you see me you flip like a monkey

It always amazes me, how some brother's faces be

Smilin' but behind your back they talk like an enemyBut I got a sharper blade, from here I see better days

Sittin' on my porch countin' loot drinkin' lemonade

Swingin' with the shy type, girl, who's the fly type?

The none gettin' high type that's how you know she's my typeTick tock tick, things are getting thick

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